MOTHER PLANNED FLIGHT TO ORIE WITH RECTOR, CHARLOTTE

We're Going Away' for yourself some of these beautiful buildings and statues—and Mrs. Mills Often **Told Daughter**

Men-and women, too-have done strange things for lovestrange to the outside world, but only natural to those who love deeply. The Rev. Edward Hall, rector of a fine church in New Brunswick, N. J., was no different from thousands of others who risk the reputation of their past and the hope of their future for love. He was ready to pay an enormous price for the love of Mrs. Eleanor Mills, wife of his poor sexton. He paid with his life and she paid with her life; but, had they lived, what would have been the course of this strange rom^ance between a man and a woman so determined to have each other at all costs, although both were married?

Charlotte Mills, daughter of the murdered woman, after four years of silence, now reveals for the first time the true background of this tragic romance.



GOSSIP

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amount of gossip, not only in our home town of New bidden us to drink. She would Brunswick, but everywhere, know we could be trusted and about my mother and Mr. Hall. There are some things regarding their relationship that I simply do not know, and nobody else knows.

But there are things I do

know. It is absolutely preposterous for any one to say they had known each other intimately for twenty years, and that there are doubts whether even my brother and I— Well, I can't make myself write it.

I wouldn't even mention the fact that Mr. Hall was not in New Brunswick, and that none of us ever laid eyes on him until years after mother began working in the church, it was years before he knew heard this contemptible hint. After he did come and take charge of the church it was years before he knew mother or any of our family, except just to speak to in passing, as he did to everybody in his congrega-

Wanted Him for Daddy

I was about eight or nine years old when I first really knew him well, and my brother Dan about four or five. He used to romp and play with us children, and with al children, like a big brother or father. I have already said how used to wish he was my daddy, and how marvelous it would be to have a daddy who invented games and got up sports and gave prizes and told stories and took you riding "piggy-back."

Whenever Mr. Hall went away he

would send postcards with beautiful views of the places where he was, and those big, colored folders that open out and show whole cities and rivers and mountains and lakes. I still have some of them, one from Boston, showing a monument of an Indian on a horse holding up his face to "the Great Spirit.'

He wrote on it: "I hope some day you will visit Boston and see

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ful buildings and statues—and other places, too. My kind regards to all the family. Sincerely, E. W.

Joyful Homecomings

There was always great rejoicing in our family when he came back from trips and came to see us. And mother looked so much happier. I don't think mother ever heard any gossip about her and Mr. Hall; she never told me she did. Most of the church people just took it for granted they were warm friends, especially since she did so much work at the church and the meetings and societies con-nected with it, and sang in the

I have read about their "trysts" in the old Phillips farm house about a mile from where their oodies were found four years ago They never kept any trysts in the Phillips house. The house was old and had been tightly locked up for years. They could not have got in if they had wanted to. Every-thing inside was dilapidated and They say there were signs of some one occupying it, that there were cigarette ashes around

Well, Mr. Hall never smoked in his life, nor my mother either, though she wasn't in the least prudish. She always said if women felt like smoking and got any pleasure from it, they should smoke-in moderation; she always believed in moderation in everything.

She never cared to drink anything, although her people were German and enjoyed a glass of wine or beer. Mother may have taken a little wine sometimes, but in all my lifetime it was never in our house unless somebody from There has been a terrific mother's family brought over a bottle at Christmas or New Year's. But mother would never have for

Trusted Children

She was like that in everything never pestered me for details about



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to, what I did and said.

trained us to behave ourselves. For the rest, she trusted us. And elope from New Brunswick. she could, too.

There is one piece of gossip that I believe has a truthful foundation. For a year or two before mother's death she would say from time to time: "I can't go on staying here, Muggs; I just can't. You and I are going to strike out to-gether, and we'll get along all right until something happens."

(I forgot to say mother's nickname for me almost ever since I was 5 was Muggs. People even call me Muggs who never knew mother. I've got a bracelet mother. I've got a bracelet brought by a friend from the Indian country with Muggs engraved

by her words "until something happens," was, I fully believe, until Mr. Hall found some way of leaving New Brunswick, leaving his home there, even leaving the min-

but I do think he and mother She brought us up strictly and talked it over often, and that it quite understood between them. But they never intended to

Going Together

Mother and I would certainly have gone away together from our house and lived alone and just been happy, earning our living in peace and making a little home in some neat, newish rooms, with electric lights and hot water and a bath, not like that horrible old house on Carman Street, where mother had to paint and paper the upstairs bedrooms herself to keep them livable.

We would have stayed by ourselves, just us two, and if ever Mr. Now, what mother had in mind his life and his work, I think that probably later on we three would have gone somewhere.

Gossip says mother and Mr. Hall

istry if he had to. I never heard But it would have been lots later

whom I was going out with, where him say anything to that effect, and they would have taken me with them. Mr. Hall often talked of Japan and said how he would love to see it, because he knew, missionaries who worked there and

(Conintued on Page 22)



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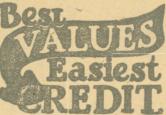
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